

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.
1. Write on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use "and" and "but" sparingly.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

Sir Smile-Ups Travels.
By Tiddle De Winks.
Said Smile-Ups, "tis warm, there is many a one
Who won't let the heat, and won't like the sun;
They'll scold at the trees and cry in the shade—
There's never a spot to please that is made.

And so I'll away on my travels this morn,
To make people say, "I'm glad I was born";
I'll hie me o'er meadow and mountain and moor,
I'll smile and I'll smile at the rich and the poor.

I'll stir up the sick in those houses so high,
I'll make them so joyous their worries will fly;
So not minding an ache and forgetting their pain,
Will call to the nurse, "There's Sir Smile-Ups again."

The doctor may scold and the nurse may be afraid,
But I'll smile all the same from my place in the shade.
"A fever," they cry when he talks about smiles;
"Twere better than groaning of livers and bile!"

And then I will creep round the doctor, you see;
Until he will grin as sure as can be!
"My patient is better!" he'll say with a gasp;
And Smile-Ups will smile, for the crisis is past!

—Wee Wisdom.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Dear Uncle Jed: A boy I play with told me he had bought a book for 10 cents and some day he would get \$20 for it and stumped me to guess what the book was. Every grown-up I've asked about it has told me he was a humbug except my Pa and he says he must be a born speculator. You give away so many books and know so much about them, I thought I would ask you if it's true, and if I can do it, too? My Ma says she guesses it must be a pretty rare book.

Your Interested Nephew,
CHARLEY COONE.

Yes, there is such a book; it is not so rare as your Ma thinks and it cannot be bought at the book stores. The boy who told you is not a born speculator as your Pa thinks, but a born joker. It is a bank-book and sometimes such a book may be obtained for five cents at a private bank and it will cost the larger part of ten dollars in the end.

This book is an account book, and every time five cents are put in the bank by its owner, credit is given in the book, and when five dollars have been put in the bank if no more is placed there it will in 15 years at compound interest become \$10, because the money has earned a sum which just equals itself.

The five and ten cent savings banks and the school savings banks, too, were established to teach children the saving or banking habit and Uncle Jed knows a boy who bought a bank book for ten cents who can take ten thousand dollars for it today, because he grew to manhood, kept adding to it and never took any money out.

Money in the bank earns money while its owner is asleep at night. It is pleasant in old days to note the \$10 which have become \$160 in the custody of the bank.

The bank book habit is a good habit and what you get for the book depends upon how much money you put in the bank.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Ruth House, of Scotland—I thank you very much for the prize book which I received. I like it.

Lucy Carter, of Scotland—I thank you for the prize book I was given to learn I had received another prize. I have read quite a little of it.

Katherine Riddle, of Moosup—I have not written you for a long time. I thought I would tell you and tell you I received a prize book, was pleased

with it and thank you very much. It was a very nice book.

Harriet Graham, of Tatfield—I thank you very much for the prize book I received and think it is the most interesting book I have read.
Dorothy C. King, of Plainfield—Many thanks for the prize book you sent me entitled The Campfire Girls in the Outdoors. It is the second book I have won.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Eleanor Smigiel, of Norwich—A Little Girl of Old St. Louis.
2—Madelyn Sullivan, of Norwich—Adventures of Walter and the Rabbits.
3—Alcesta Watts, of Mansfield Four Corners—Pony Riders in the Osage.

4—Reginald Yeomans, of New London—Jingles of the Zoo.
5—Jessie Brehaut, of East Norwich, N. Y.—A Corner of the Empire.

6—Lena Krauss, of New Bedford—A Little Girl of Old Baltimore.
7—Doris Willoughby, of Hampton—The Magic Doll.

8—Myron J. Ringland, of Norwich Town—A Soldier of the Legion.
9—Richard W. Tobin, Jr., of Norwich—Meadow Brook Girl Series.

Winners of prize books living in this city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Cocoa Tree.

Think of the millions of people who eat and drink cocoa and chocolate without knowing where it comes from. In Columbia, Venezuela and northern Brazil grows a tree called the cocoa tree. The farmer makes cocoa holes in the ground, then puts some bean-shaped seeds into the holes. The bushes grow from about twenty to thirty feet high and resemble a lilac bush, but are much taller.
When the tree grows up it bears fruit that looks like a cucumber but is of a dark brown color. The outside of the fruit is very hard and must be chopped through with an axe. Inside there is some white pulpy stuff and in this pulp there are seeds. These seeds are taken out and are put in large sacks to be sent to our country and other countries of the world.
The seeds contain much oil and therefore are pressed and squeezed in order to obtain the oil which is very useful. That which remains goes through many more processes and finally becomes cocoa and the latter is made into chocolate.
Thus from these seeds or cocoa beans we eat and drink all our cocoa and chocolate.

—ELEANOR SMIGIEL, Age 13.

The Pet Seal.

A great many seals are killed every year for their soft, fine fur. Among the Shetland Islands the people used to think that harm would come to anyone who killed a seal. There were these animals were caught and tamed. One was a very large fellow. Two men could hardly manage him. He was so tame and had a shed for his home.
Every day he would go to the sea for food and return to the land when his master called him.
At the house of his owner lived a dear little baby boy. One day baby's mother took him to sleep and laid him in his little bed. Then she went out, leaving the door open, so she might hear him if he awoke. He did not sleep, but after a while mamma came into the room. There was the great seal close to baby's cot, looking into his face just as if it would like to kiss him.
Mamma was frightened and screamed. Then the seal's master came and ordered him out. He floundered away to his shed. The seal would not have hurt the baby. Seals are very loving creatures.

—NANCY TERTEAULT, Age 11.

The Captives.

About twelve miles away from sea, on the Merrimack river is the beautiful town of Haverhill. It was a small settlement, and Indians could reach it easily from the other side in canoes.

One day Isaac Bradley and Joseph Whitaker were working in Mr. Bradley's field. Isaac was fifteen years old and thought small was brave and fearless. Joseph was eleven and as large as Isaac, though not as strong and brave.

As they were working, some Indians jumped from the bushes and captured them. They did not stop to kill any of the settlers, but went straight to their camp by a lake with their captives.

After the boys had been there awhile they learned a few words of the language and could tell from what the Indians said they were going to Canada in the spring. Isaac had no intention of going, so he tried to think of a plan to get away.

April came and though Isaac knew the English fort was south, he had no compass to show him the way through the woods. At last he thought he would travel by the sun in the daytime and by the stars at night.

"I am afraid you will not wake,"

THE POOL

"Ha! ha!" laughed Madam Butterfly as she changed her position from golden rod to a lone dandelion. "Ha! ha!" came the faint tones again as I acknowledged her salute of the virtual wings that slowly opened, closed, then opened and then stood upright.

"Ha! ha!" Grandpa Lowther with all his 75 years of life didn't know where my nose lay. Look at this, the little girl unrolled a long tube and then shook it at me while she turned an eye on the gathered crowd.

"What is this, grandpa?"

"Your proboscis. I do not blame you, for it is a pretty and very handy part of a pretty creature. But I do not understand that you smell with it as well as eat. Do you?"

"No. I am like all the other citizens of The Pool who like myself have three states of existence. Miss Moth there, and myself, have the sense of smell located in our antennae the same as all the rest of the two and three state citizens. But, grandpa, I claim that there is quite a distinction between the antennae of the Pilgrim fathers and other early pioneers who have the distinction I refer to. Our antennae are tipped with knobs of honor—something Miss Moth or Miss Miller there never had."

"Just as if weights hung to the end of our antennae," said Miss Moth. "I don't believe there are ten families in the whole insect world could use such knobs."

"Don't be personal, folks, but, honestly, I can't see how you can smell through a pipe made of horny pigments."

"Why, my dear friends, your antennae are not so simple as mine. They are being fastened end to end with little ligaments and yet they perform all the functions of Sir Thomas Cat's nose and you know how keen he is, and would like to Europeanize the whole of you while he leaves large tributes on each party."

"What you say may partly justify but how is it, Master Ant, do you smell with the same parts you use so skillfully in feeling?"

"Certainly, and that is the way most of us hear, too. Maybe you have noticed I talk with my antennae as well as hear and smell. The twilight of the year is fast approaching or I would call up one of my new crows of the Aphid breed, that I have kept in conchion on the other side of the pasture and show you I can talk, see, smell and hear better than any member of the Wide-Awake club, big as they are."

—GRANDPATER LOWTHER.

he said to Joseph, who always slept soundly.

"Oh, yes I will," answered Joseph. The next night at midnight Joseph started. Isaac took one of the Indians' guns and some meat and bread. They traveled most all night and then crept into an old log.

The Indians discovered at daybreak that their captives had gone and started out with their dogs to find them. The boys heard the dogs barking and they were soon sniffing around the log.

"What shall we do?" asked Joseph. Isaac threw out the meat for the dogs and said: "Good fellow, Bose, do you want some meat?"

The dogs recognized his voice and knew he was their friend, so they devoured the meat and went on. The boys heard the Indians talking as they went by.

Then they began their journey again but went in a different direction than the one the Indians took.

"On the third day Isaac shot a pigeon. They dared not build a fire so they ate the meat raw. The next day they found a turtle, broke its shell and ate the meat. They traveled on, day after day, until the eighth day, when Joseph saw so weak he could travel no more.

"Cheer up, Joseph," said Isaac. "Here are some ground-nuts and fresh water to drink. But no more sleep, for cheer Joseph. He lay down on the mossy ground to die. What should Isaac do? Should he stay and die with Joseph, or try to find his way out? He started through the wilderness with a sad heart. At last he came to a house. No one lived in it, but he knew help was near. He went back to Joseph and told him the good news.

He bathed his friend's temples and rubbed his legs. Then he carried him a little way, and after that he carried him on his back. In this way he struggled on to a beaten path. They reached a fort on the Sagadahoc river at night and astonished the soldiers when they told them their adventures.

Brave Isaac! His story was never forgotten.

MARY A. BURELL, Age 12.
Stafford Springs.

Saw Soldiers Going to the Front.
Aug. 4th Cork and Queensdown were under martial law. Every bridge and street was patrolled by armed police and soldiers. We left the city at 10:45 a. m. on the Great Western.

After leaving the Cork station we went into a tunnel which is one and a half miles long and then came to a terrace, a hill higher than Jall Hill. It is the highest part of the city. Our train was a long one and we took on board many soldiers. A car was available to carry the soldiers was put into service.

Our first stop was Blarney. At our left was Blarney Castle and the Blarney of Weeds woolen mill. On our right was a large factory where they made a fertilizing product.

Our next stop was Malinbeg. This is a pretty place. There a lot of soldiers got on the train. The depot was all in confusion. Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers were bidding their loved ones good-bye, who were going to war.

We stopped at Charleville and at Timpone Junction. We took on more soldiers at Thurles Company, Tipperary. We saw the Devils Bit on the mountain. Several companies of soldiers got on here.

We passed through the bogs of Allen. The bogs are several miles long. It is a beautiful sight.

Our next stop was Maryborough Queen's county. Maryborough prison on our right near the depot. In this prison was hung the last man that was hanged in Ireland, several years ago. The prison has a dark history of its own. We saw thousands of soldiers on the grounds. I saw for the first time one of the round towers of Ireland, not far from the railroad.

The railroad is built on a level plain, no grades or inclines. Several years ago we can see the Wicklow mountains at a distance.

Our next stop was the Curragh of Kildare. Here we saw the barracks, which they say are the largest barracks in the British Isles. We saw more soldiers there on the Curragh. I saw for the first time a horse and rider, several years ago. It seemed as though there were enough soldiers there to lick the Germans. They put on more cars all filled with soldiers, and we were on our way. A long way could not see the rear end.

We inquired where the soldiers were going. They said they were going to London or to France. They were to get their equipments and then be sent to the front.

After a long wait we started again. Our next stop was a bridge over the river, Dublin. Here everything was in confusion. The station was filled with people. All around the depot were thousands of soldiers. Every street car, jaunting car, in fact, everything on wheels was taken by the military to convey them to other places.

The passengers had to wait for some time. The distance covered on this trip was 145 miles.

Your little nephew
RICHARD W. TOBIN, Jr., Age 12.
Norwich.

The Old School Stove.
I am quite an old stove. I stand in a corner of a little white schoolhouse. The schoolhouse is old and the stove is old. There are two large maple trees on the south side of the schoolhouse and a small maple tree on the north side. In back of the school or the west side is a small meadow. On the east side is a road.

I love to watch the children stand around the teacher's desk and hear them recite their lessons. When all children are at school there are twenty-six in this room.

In winter when the snow is on the ground some of the children, or the teacher, comes and builds a fire in me. When the children come to my stove and fingers they come and warm themselves by me, and then go out and take their sleds and ride down the hill.

When the bell rings they all come running in and take their seats. Then they take their books and study their lessons and the teacher hears.

When recess comes the children that have no sleds come and sit down by me and read.

At noon those who do not go home to dinner come and stand around me and eat their lunch. Sometimes in the coldest days there are only four or five children at school, and sometimes the teacher sends them home to get their lunch if they haven't brought it and then they come back about ten minutes at noon and go home early at night.

ALCESTA WATTS, Age 12.
Mansfield Four Corners.

Shiner.
Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing about my puppy dog, Shiner. He is his name. He is a very playful dog. He likes to go out in the street, but we are careful to keep him in the yard.

He likes to play with the kitty, and sometimes he drinks her milk. His breed is bull. His color is white and brindle.

Some time I will write and tell you more about Shiner.

MADLYN SULLIVAN, Age 9.
Norwich.

Hallowe'en.
Autumn is here again, and with it comes Hallowe'en. This is a day set apart in late October, when every one can enjoy themselves. They play games and have masquerades with all sorts of costumes and fancy dresses. They sometimes go to a hall or where

they can show their many kinds, which one looks most natural, or fancy costume.

Sometimes they play games in which some people believe are true signs of things to happen, as ducking in a large pot of water for apples, watching the one who can get the most in the shortest time.

The old people enjoy this, for it amuses them and brings back memories of days when they were young.

MILDRED KELLEY.
Willimantic.

The Boy and the Hat.
The wind was blowing very hard as Tom went home from school.

As he was passing a narrow stream his hat was carried in the air and landed in the middle of the stream.

Farmer Jones was passing at the time and Tom called to him to help him.

"Why do you not help yourself?" asked Farmer Jones. "The stream is not deep and you can get your hat if you try."

"But I will get wet," said Tom.

"You will not get wet," replied the farmer. "If you take off your shoes and stockings."

Tom then took his shoes off and got his hat.

"And remember," said Farmer Jones, "the next time you want anything try to get it yourself, and then if it is hard to get it yourself, call on others. This will teach you a lesson to try, and not to ask of other people."

WALTER GAVIGAN, Age 12.
Willimantic.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Only a Cent.
Dear Uncle Jed:—I wish to become one of the Wide-Awake circle, so I wrote this story.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons.

"Boys," he said, "my workshop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent!" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe. "A cent is better than nothing."

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in his shop, he would take the old broom and sweep it, and he dropped all his pennies into his tin savings bank.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe to his workshop. While he went to buy some lumber, they stayed in the toy-shop, where there were toys of every kind.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish I could buy one."

"Only ten cents," said the man behind the counter.

"I have fifty cents," said Joe, "and I think I will buy that bird-kite."

"Buy what?" asked the man.

"Buy sweeping the shop," answered Joe. "I saved my pennies, and did not open my back until this morning."

Joe bought the bird-kite and a new broom. He swept the shop and he never Joe would let him, even though he received for his work only a cent.

JOSEPH GILOT.
Baltic.

A Visit to Canterbury.
Dear Uncle Jed:—I thought I would write and tell you a little about my visit to the country. I did not go to visit to the country, or we wanted to catch an early train.

We started about quarter of two on a trolley and got in Baltic about quarter of three. We went to the depot, and had a long time to wait. The time passed off quickly and before we knew it we were on the train and soon we arrived at Canterbury.

My cousin met us at the station with a large horse and team. We had to get out of the car and we drove slowly and it was a lovely ride.

As soon as we got to the house we sat down and rested, and talked until about five o'clock. Then our supper and feeling very tired we started for upstairs for the night.

Next morning we woke up bright and happy. We had our breakfast, and went fishing down to the Quinebaug River, not far from where we were staying. We did not have very good luck, but we had our fun.

In the afternoon we went riding and came to a store where we bought a few things. When we arrived home about six o'clock we had our supper and then we retired for the night.

I hope I shall be able to tell more about my visit next time. I was very glad to see you and to hear from you.

ANJAN J. BREWSTER, Age 12.
Norwich.

Candy Recipes for Wide-Awakes.
Dear Uncle Jed:—I like reading the Wide-Awakes. I have learned many things and wonder how many of the Wide-Awakes enjoy making candy these long evenings. I am sending some recipes which I have tried and always have had good luck with:

Fudge—Two cups of sugar, 2 squares of chocolate, 1-2 cup of milk, butter size of a large walnut, and teaspoon of vanilla. Boil until it reads stiff, until it sure and pour into buttered pans and cut into squares.

Molasses Candy—One cup of sugar, 2 cups of molasses, 1 tablespoon of butter, 1 tablespoon of vinegar, and let boil until it reads stiff, when drop in cold water. Then add a pinch of saleratus; then pour into buttered tins. Chopped nuts or peanuts may be added.

Chocolate Caramels—Boil together about 30 minutes 1 cup of each, molasses, sugar, and chocolate; 1-2 cup milk when nearly done; add a piece of butter size of 1 egg; drop piece in water to ascertain when done. Flavor with vanilla; pour on buttered pans. When nearly cool mark in squares with back of knife.

I hope some of the Wide-Awakes will try these and have as good luck as I had.

FLORA HOUSE, Age 12.
Scotland.

They Took Billie's Advice.
Dear Uncle Jed:—I am going to write you about a funny experience I once had. One day while I was staying in New York and my uncle took me out to the zoo, where I saw lots of every kind of animal. I saw a description may be seen.

After we had wandered around the garden and seen nearly all the animals we had not gone very far when we came upon two paths, one leading towards the right and the other towards the left.

My uncle said the one leading towards the left was the one we were to follow if we wished to reach home. I was sure we had come by the one leading to the right.

Along the path leading to the left and which we had decided to follow stood cages which contained beautiful birds of every description. While we were disputing about the two paths a man came and said to us, "Follow me, I have been here before and I can tell you which is the right path."

We were addressed but could distinguish nothing. Again someone spoke and said: "Turn back! Turn back!"

I looked up and staring at me between the bars of a cage I saw Billie, my old parrot, which any uncle had brought from South America and had

sold to the menagerie when we moved away.

We turned back and took the path leading to the right, but not before we had a long talk with Billie.

HARRIET GRAHAM, Age 12.
Tatfield.

Bicycle Riding.
Dear Uncle Jed:—As you know Monday, October 12, was Columbus day and the schools were closed. A girl whom I am well acquainted with has two bicycles and she loans one of them to me quite often, and we go out riding together.

The day before the holiday we formed a plan. We were to get up early, pack our lunch boxes and go out into the country. We knew it would be chilly coming home and so dressed accordingly, each wearing a long sweater, skirt, a middie blouse, a long coat and a white felt hat.

She had the bicycle tires pumped up and we started off at 1:30 p. m. We went on streets which made it easy riding until we were out of the city limits.

We had to walk going up hills, which thought were pretty high, although they weren't as hilly as some of the streets in Norwich.

About 3 o'clock Grace, that is my friend's name, became very thirsty and as well water makes her ill we decided to try and buy some milk. We stopped at two farm houses, but it seemed they hadn't milked the cows and the morning's milk was all sold.

We stopped at the third farmhouse for it is a saying that the third time never fails and it didn't in this case. It was a large, old-fashioned house built on the plan of a southern homestead. We went up the driveway and knew they kept cows for we heard them mooing.

The servant came to the door, and she told her mistress what we wanted. Her mistress was an old lady in a black silk dress.

She said she believed she could assure enough milk and gave each an old-fashioned gobbet full of ice-cream.

There were kittens on the porch and we began to pet them. She told us all about them and then asked us our names.

We told her our names and that we were riding on bicycles. Grace offered to pay her for the milk but she would not take it, instead she asked us to call again.

Then bidding her good-bye we again started on our way. We saw some red berries growing on branches with green leaves and we decided to take home. We ate our lunch and then came to a sign which directed the way to New Bedford.

Coming home we saw two little skunks playing in the bushes.

We crossed a bridge and rode past a ruined mill. The leaves were turning and they looked beautiful at sunset. We wished we could take some home, but knew they would spoil pretty.

We arrived home at 7:30 pretty tired for we had rode 17 miles, which was quite a ways for two girls to ride alone.

Grace played the piano, the company sang, and I played the violin. We enjoyed every bit of our holiday.

NEW BEDFORD.
Lena Krauss, Age 14.

Learned From Experience.
Dear Uncle Jed:—A stumble I had a short time ago resulted in a bruised forehead for me. It reminded me of an accident that happened while gathering nuts a few years ago.

I was in a chestnut tree shaking the nuts down so my brother could gather them and they could be equally divided.

There was a young man, a hunter, there who had stopped for a rest. One nut fell and he would throw some nuts at me, but after a while gave it up, seeing I didn't pay any attention to it.

Soon he began a new scheme. He said he would give me a squirrel, for I went to the tips of the branches and he wanted me to get some nuts that were out at the end of the branch, for that he said, was easy to do.

Not wanting to disappoint anyone, I began to move out further. Once I stopped, for I thought I would fall.

You're no good unless you